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STATE RIGHTS:

A

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE RUINS

OF

ANCIENT GREECE.

BY

PROF. TAYLER LEWIS, LL. D.

God requireth that which is past.—*Ecclesiastes*, iii, 15.

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## P R E F A C E .

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This little book is written for all loyal and thinking men, whose minds are intent upon the preservation of the American nationality. They will see the application of the parallel, whatever they may think of the manner in which it is now presented. One merit, however, the writer would claim for the brief picture he here offers to the public. It is strictly true. It is not overdone. It cannot be overdone. If it fails, it is no falling short of the reality of that state of things which we have called a political hell. There is one thing that prevents this from being realized, as it ought to be, even by scholars. We are so much occupied with the poetry, the philosophy, the fair literature of Greece, that we neglect the details of her minute political history, and so form a very inadequate view of its political horrors. The aim of the writer has been to show this latter feature truthfully, and at the same time, graphically, by selecting those points of the old Greek political life, in which it so marvelously resembles our own. The more he studied it, the more he was struck with the perfection of the parallel. If there is something which has the appearance of repetition in setting it forth, it is to keep vividly before the mind the one idea of the book. Autonomy was the bane of Greece; the doctrine of "state rights" and "state sovereignties," has been, and is yet, the rock of danger to the American Nationality. This idea is never lost sight of. In every seeming digression it is still remembered, and other topics are treated only to make the return to it more clear and effective. God has given us a mirror in the past. Let us not be like "him who beholds his natural face in the glass, then goeth away, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

In the history of Greece we have a guide book for almost every step we may take. God grant that this brief effort to call attention to it, may be of some avail in this most trying crisis of our American nationality.

SCHENECTADY, Sept. 16, 1864.





# STATE RIGHTS.

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The saddest book in the world is Grote's History of Greece. Yet sad as it is, there is no one for us more instructive. We often hear our government spoken of as a great experiment. Nothing like it was ever known before. We have been accustomed, too, to regard it as something lying altogether out of the usual track of history. All references to the ancient republics have been despised as pedantic and irrelevant. Christianity made a difference. Men were continually saying this whose Christianity did not excel, and whose ordinary moral and political virtue fell below that of Pericles and Thucydides, very far below that of Aristides and Socrates. And then again, there was that magic word "representation," as though a stream could rise above its fountain, or any outward change of mode could produce a change in human nature, or make the representative to be in the long run, anything higher, or better, or more intelligent than the represented. For all government is representation in some form, and to fancy for ourselves any peculiar defense here was but to cheat ourselves with a word, and all the mischiefs it might occasion when it came to be, as all such words in time most certainly will, mere political cant.

A more complete exemplar cannot be found for us than is presented in the States of Greece. Look at her map. How beautifully unique the territory, as though it had been expressly formed for one great nation, composed of people speaking one common language, having one common origin, one common heroic age, one common storehouse of tribal and national reminiscences! "When the Most High separated the sons of Adam, when he gave the nations their inheritance," here was the home for the sons of Javan, even as Canaan was destined for the sons of Israel. A glance at the map shows that here was the seat of beneficent empire; and such it would have been had not the petty depravity, the selfish, short judging jealousy of man, thwarted, as it sometimes is permitted to thwart, the divine arrangements in nature and creation. This map of Greece is

of itself a beautiful spectacle for the eye; how much higher rises its conceptual beauty when we contemplate it as the destined seat of one indivisible political whole, though so mournfully failing in the historical realization of the idea.

Our own map, no less than that of Greece, suggests the thought of one people, and one nationality. Separate sovereign powers could not exist *there*, they cannot exist *here*, without everlasting wars. This was proved in our case, a century ago, when the country in contention was a wilderness. England had the coasts; France was creeping in at the West. But even then it was seen, that this unique territory between the Lakes, the Atlantic, the Gulf, and the Mississippi, could not bear two sovereignties; and that same consistent nation that sees no sufficient reason in our struggle for unity, now that this territory is the abode of thirty millions, then fought nine years, and all round the globe, for the same object, when its interior was all an unknown waste. But there was one aspect in which our map pleads stronger still for nationality than that of Greece. The *outward* boundaries of both are most natural, unsurpassed, in this respect, by any presented in the world's geography. But in Greece the *inward* divisions also, though absolutely and relatively too small for nationalities, were almost wholly natural, or the result of pure historical causes. The Sons of Javan went forth, like the northmen, with no other patent than their own free roving will, and that section of the Great Charter (Gen. x, 5), which allotted to them the Land of the West and the "Isles of the Sea." Their settlements were the offspring of no trading companies, or Duke of York patents, or mining grants; they had no Mason and Dixon lines; and so their boundaries were the valleys and river basins, and separate winding bays, in which they settled. There was something in this which might palliate, though not excuse, those local jealousies which ever prevented their being one great people. We have no such plea. Our internal divisions, on the other hand, are, of all things, the most unnatural in position, as they are mainly arbitrary in their history. To any intelligent mind, the bare map presents a stronger argument against "state rights" and "state sovereignties," than volumes of abstract reasoning. One steady look is enough to dissipate all the sophistries of Calhoun. What a contrast between the exterior and the interior, between the whole and the parts! *Without* and *around*, how perfectly natural and unique the bounds by which God has made us geographically one people! *Within* and *between*, how utterly different, how directly opposite, we may say, the lines that separate these strange "state sovereignties!" There is hardly a natural boundary between them. The Ohio, to a partial extent, the Potomac, and the Connecticut, between two or three

divisions, and that is all. Our state lines are, in the main, as artificial as county lines, or the ward lines in our cities. They are, for the most part, surveyors' courses, running straight on across mountains, rivers, valleys, prairies, and every thing else that comes in their way. And so these states themselves, were, for the most part, land patents, grants made to individuals, or corporations—neither grantors nor grantees knowing anything about the real geography of the country. They were "sovereignties" made on paper in scriveners' shops. It was matter wholly of conjecture what such grants might contain. In some, the lines ran to the South Sea, wherever that might be. One line of the Virginia patent, as first given, ran indefinitely due northwest, a course which, unless stopped somewhere, would make an everlasting spiral round the north pole. These lines had little or nothing historical about them; and by this we mean that they were determined much oftener by purely private, than by political or public reasons. A land speculation in England, or Holland, varying this way or that, would have made them wholly different. A mistake of a scrivener in a bearing, or a distance, would have altogether changed the value and the dignity of these mighty sovereignties. That geographical *whole*, on the other hand, which the higher movements of history were filling up, and bringing out, was but little affected by such unhistorical causes as these. It had its birth and its progress, its shaping unity, and its national consummation, in the great movements of God and history—movements even more unique, more visibly revealing the hand of the Great Mover, than any that made the nationalities of Rome or Britain.

These internal state boundaries of ours point to hardly anything beyond the merest arbitrary and accidental interests. Even the New England states, the most historical of them all, have hardly any history, worth calling such, except as they make one peculiar whole. But elsewhere the state boundaries are still more unmeaning and accidental. Especially is it so with those of them that are the mere creatures of congressional enactment. Look at these lines as straight as the compass can make them, these parallelograms, these rhomboids and trapezoids, these bearings due west, due north, these parallels of latitude, these meridional protractions, and then ask history whether ever before, in any part of the world, "sovereign states had been ever thus divided, or could keep thus divided? How would the map of Greece look if cut up in this manner? Let us suppose that from some arbitrary force, Europe had been thus dissected into squares and parallelograms a thousand years ago. How long would it have remained in that singular condition? In less than half a century would it have broken up, and nature and history have had their

way again. Such lines may stand when they serve the purposes of municipal arrangement; they may be very convenient when there is an all encircling national whole, a true historical unity keeping them together, like the old British imperium, or the true American nationality that immediately took its place. It is the great arch *supporting* rather than *supported*, that holds fast all below. Take this away and all security for permanence is gone. Or to speak without a metaphor, the nation is dissolved. It is easy to conceive it. Remove this great embracing whole, this strong historical band, and how long will the inward artificial lines that represent nothing more historical than grants to English Dukes, and soulless corporations, preserve that *sacredness* with which the superficial declaimer would seek to cloth them? State lines are *sacred* things say they; they mark the old Dominion, they are historical monuments of the ancient commonwealth of Carolina. The Union, on the other hand, is but a piece of conventional patchwork; there is nothing *sacred* about it; it is no true nationality. A large organ of veneration, indeed, must they possess who can take in such a view as this. To come back to sober truth, what is there historical about South Carolina that any man should love her on that account, or indulge in such heroics as have been ever found in her inflated oratory? Who reads her history now? what is there in it to induce a man to read it? what will the world care about it when South Carolina, by her severance from the great historic nationality, shall have utterly lost what little dignity she may have once possessed as a member of it?

But there are thoughts here that will come in better in another place. Return we to the map of Greece, and to the more direct comparison we wish to make between her history and our own. Observe that graceful outline, and the completeness of the Hellenic territory that is embraced by it. How compactly it lies between the Ægean and Ionian seas! Study the beautiful proportion of its northern and southern tracts, apparently divided, yet most intimately united, by the interflowing gulf of Corinth. It made, or should have made, Peloponnesus one with Ætolia and Boeotia, even as the Ohio joins in closest union Kentucky and Indiana—in both cases the internal division, when it is a natural one, strengthening the outside all-embracing bond. That fair gulf of Corinth, so made by God for friendly intercourse and peaceful commerce between the sections of one great nationality, how many fierce naval combats did it witness, not in defense of Greece against a foreign foe, but all for “State rights,” that everlasting bane of Grecian welfare. It makes us think of the Mississippi, and of the blood, that for the same accursed reason, is now staining its waters.

Such was the map of Greece continental, with its commerce inviting coasts, its winding bays, its interpenetrating rivers, whilst circling round, in glad profusion, lay those many "isles of the sea," which, in Scripture, gave their name to this whole Mediterranean region of the far West, as it seemed in the Jewish Geography. All belonged to the Sons of Javan. Their inhabitants were all of one lineage, all speaking Greek, all having their local mythologies interwoven with the old national traditions—the stories of their earlier settlements and their later colonizations—making each part akin to every other, even as the man of Ohio looks back to the old homestead in Massachusetts, and the life of the prairie mingles with it reminiscences of the mountain and sea.

Such was Greece, historically and geographically. What prevented it from becoming a mighty and beneficent power in the earth, instead of being, as it really was, a political hell? It was the same evil influence that has troubled us since the beginning of our national existence, and which unless removed will surely bring upon us the same political doom.

Read those volumes of Grote that so minutely detail the history of Greece from the days of Pericles to those of Alexander. What a mournful record of human woe as caused by human depravity! There is many an exquisite digression on the literature and philosophy of Hellas—her art, her poetry, her eloquence. In reading these we are apt to forget the awful scenes of misery in the midst of which these captivating features had their strange existence. But look at the record again, and one thing meets us every where. It is war—war—war—unceasing war, in its most unrelenting forms,—not foreign wars, such as many more than compensate for all their evils by the more heroic tone they impart to the national and patriotic spirit, but bloody dissensions between the inhabitants of petty states lying in nearest contiguity—such wars all the more ferocious from the fact that they were between the men who spoke the same language—all the more destitute of any alleviating courtesies by reason of the near factious hatreds in which they had their origin. Such was the condition of this miserable land for a period of one hundred and fifty years. Such a state of things has ever existed between contiguous peoples separated by *artificial* boundaries, having the same origin, speaking the same language, but whose petty sectional pride—all the stronger often, in proportion to its pettiness—prevented them from having one common political imperium. Witness the never ceasing strife between Israel and Judah—between Spaniard and Spaniard, in Mexico and South America—between Anglo Saxon in the long wars of England and Scotland. The latter is, perhaps, the most striking example of this historical phenomenon,



unless we are about to furnish one still more full of melancholy warning to the nations. Britain now taunts us with fighting cruelly for such shadows as unity and nationality. She forgets her own history. Her centuries of insular war, though having far less ground in any historic growth, with nought to allege of broken compacts, were all struggles to the same end. True she is but patch work, after all, as compared to our greater historical symmetry; she has grown up, deformed indeed, but who shall venture to say that her one great nationality, with all its ugliness, is not better for herself, and for the world, than any poor petty sovereignties of Saxon, Scotch and Irish, Welch or Cornish, that might now be existing in its place. We may thank God that truth and nature at last prevailed in erecting a beneficent empire out of those miserable Heptarchies, and sectional oligarchies, that had no right to exist as separate sovereignties when they could not supply, either for the inward common weal or outward defense, those attributes of sovereignty which alone can characterise nations as being truly "*powers ordained of God.*"

To unhappy Greece there came one moment, most favorable of all, for establishing such a beneficent sovereignty. There was a time when there might have been laid, strong and deep, the foundations of a true Hellenic commonwealth that might have been a blessing in the earth, hastening, by many centuries, the period of European culture and civilization. It was during and just after the Persian war. There was one time before this, the only time in her history, when Greece might be said to have been all together. It was the period of the Trojan crusade; but that was a romantic, a heroic, instead of a political oneness. The invasion of Xerxes again brought out united (or nearly united) Greece, and this was the crisis of their history. They let it pass without learning the lesson it taught; or their narrow local jealousies were stronger than the clearest teachings. There were other favorable moments, but so fair an opportunity never came again. As they receded from Thermopyæ, every year drove them farther and farther from the idea of national unity. Every generation of this absurd state pride among those petty powers placed stronger and stronger obstacles in the way. When it became the standing word, and the "one idea" of the demagogue, all hope was gone, and foreign subjugation could alone terminate a state of things with whose real horrors no despotism could hold comparison.

There were men in Greece who saw this, but their efforts to remedy it were unavailing. Especially were they found in that state which so much surpassed all the rest in philosophical and literary culture. The great men of Athens were ever national, even when criminally ambitious. Her very demagogues were



more national than those of Corinth or Argos. But she had ever true men full of the Panhellenic feeling, in distinction from the factious spouter; even as New England has her Webster and her Everett to put in contrast with the Woods and Vandalism of our own day. Athens was charged with ambition; she was said to be aiming at imperium and consolidation. This was ever the stale cry of the small men of Megara, or the Free Traders of Corinth, or the stupid men of Bœotia, or the brutal He'ot drivers that talked "state rights," and practiced despotism in Sparta. Athens *was* ambitious, but she was, at the same time, truly generous and national. It is true she gloried in the Attic name; and well she might, for with that name is now associated our highest thought of Grecian culture; but dearer still to this high souled people was the Hellenic unity. Athens stood nearly alone in her Panhellenism; she was reviled as Massachusetts is now reviled, and her efforts were unavailing. Greece never rose out of that political chaos which was ever in such strange contrast with her ethnological and geographical unity. She never became what one people, of one race, of one language, and embraced by the same natural geographical boundaries, ever ought to be—one *nation* historically born—one political organization having one common life—each part with its acknowledged local rights, but holding as the most *sacred of all* "state rights," the right of each part in every other part, and in the whole.

Instead of this we have an historical picture, the most painful, perhaps, that history ever presented. It was war unceasing, war everywhere—semper ubique—in every division, and subdivision, of this unhappy land. Nothing comes nearer to that horrid representation which Hobbes would give us as the natural state of mankind: *Bellum, neque hoc simpliciter, sed bellum omnium in omnes*—'war, and not that simply, but a war of all against all.' (Hobbes, *De Cive*, part I, chap. 1, sec. 11.) This, says the philosopher of Malmsbury, is the state of nature; this, unless checked by some leviathan power, is the ordinary condition of mankind. This is the rule, he says; its absence is the exception—tempus reliquum PAX vocatur—"the remaining time is called peace." In Greece, however, this tempus reliquum was reduced almost to an infinitesimal. Open Grote's history, any where, especially in those most minute and crowded details that fill its last six volumes, and this *Bellum horridum*, this *Bellum omnium in omnes*, meets you at every page. What makes it the more melancholy is, that it was ever professedly in search of peace. Irene, O Irene, Goddess fair!

σεμνοτάτη βασίλεια θεά  
πότνι Ειρήνη—

The Chicago Convention does not clamor more loudly for peace, though far less sincerely, than did the popular orators and comedians of Athens, though they were ever the men who stood in the way of peace, or made it but the occasion of a still more cruel war. Irene never came. There was no peace to the factious brawlers of state sovereignty. Greece was "like a troubled sea that cannot rest, whose waters were ever casting up mire and foulness."

It was war for the most of the time in which every section became involved—war all the time, of some part, or parts, against some other parts. Ever fighting—ever treating—the most solemn articles of everlasting amity hardly sealed before broken—truces without number—armistices for months, for years, for ten years, for thirty years, and then, at it again, in less than thirty days—such was this fair land which we are accustomed mainly to think of as the abode of literature and the arts. O, the black cloud of profanity that was continually ascending to Heaven! O, the broken oaths, that fill every page of Grecian history! May we not learn something from this? What faith in treaties, or in any confederacies, general or partial, if the great oath bound constitution of the United States is gone! For nearly eighty years have we been lifting up our hands to Heaven and saying, "so help us the everliving God," if we fail to keep every jot and tittle of this law. Can we ever have a treaty stronger than that, more solemn, more secure, than that?

And not only wars with each other, or between contending sections, but factions in every state—"seditions, privy conspiracies and rebellions" everywhere. Not a day, not a moment without them, in some devoted city. The lesser tumults were the natural results of the greater. Each warring state had its party, or factions, in every other. There were Copperheads in democratic Athens that were sympathizers with the Spartan oligarchy. There were Conservatives, too, so-called, who affected to admire the "high-toned" chivalry of the Lacedemonians, with all the falsities of their base lying character, whilst they despised the enthusiastic, at times turbulent, yet ever generous and Greece-loving *demos* of Athens. And so there came to be an Attic party and a Spartan party in Boetia, a Corinthian party in Argos, a foreign Persian party, and later still a Macedonian party, a Philippizing party, in every petty district that claimed to be a sovereignty in this doomed and distracted land. Are we not justified in calling it a political hell?

The remedy was ever patent, ever at hand, could there have been found wisdom and patriotism for its application. The few very great men of Greece, and especially of Athens, were ever national. In proportion to their real greatness had they the Panhellenic spirit. But they were ever overpowered by the

much larger number of ordinary great men, or of little great men, who found this Panhellenic scale too large for their measurement, and who could only hope to figure on the smaller stage of these local sovereignties. As with us, so in Greece; the truly great were ever national, the demagogue ever factious, local, and municipal. But the Websters were few; and the Woods and the Vallandighams were numerous and noisy.

The remedy was in union, not in mere confederacies which each party could disrupt at pleasure, and which could, at best, be no better than their oft-broken treaties, but a political organization, such that the *one life* of the whole should be in every part, and the same life of every part pervading the whole, so grown together by the organic power of history, that a hurt in one place should hurt all over, and be felt to the quick in every portion of this corporate vitality. History alone would do this; but history might have been suffered to have its way. It alone could make a nation, and give the inward law; human statesmen might give the outward form, and *conventionally* shape it, as time, and expediency, and national culture, might demand. He "who determines the times before appointed, and the bounds of the people's habitations," had done his part for this, in making Grecian geography, and Grecian ethnology, and the one Greek language, what they were—peculiar and unique among "the powers ordained of God" on earth. All things were ready for a political imperium, more intelligent, more beneficent, than any that ever rose in the ancient world. There was the great occasion already mentioned; there were other occasions when Greece might have become such a nation politically, as she already was physically, had it not been for an ever thwarting power which God had left free, that peoples, and nations, might have their responsibilities as well as individual men. Outward historical circumstances, too, such as the exhaustions of the long Peloponnesian war, and the evident growth of foreign intrigue as an element in Grecian politics, must have brought it home to the intelligence of the most stolid demagogues, that peace, for which they were ever clamoring, ever making, ever breaking, could be found only in a nationality having all power for inward security and outward defense. But this thwarting power was ever there, ever starting up at the moment when the good genius of Panhellenism seemed to have found its opportunity. The seed from which it derived its strength had been early sown. It had grown with their growth, until it became a diremptive force against which no power of cohesion could avail. It was antagonistic, not only to national *unity*, but even to the lower idea of confederate *union*. Whilst it prevented all true organic national life, it was ever diremptive of any attempts at alliance, partial or general, that might wear its semblance, or seem to take its place.

Disorganization, disintegration, was inherent in its very idea. It was a centrifugal force ever overcoming any central attraction, and ever working on to one result—anarchy, total and remediless, except as stayed, and stayed alone, by foreign subjugation.

This fatal element in the Grecian character is represented by a single word, sparingly found in the beginning of these annals, but growing more frequent as we near the mournful catastrophes—mournful in their disappointments but welcome in their beneficent mission—that forever closed the page of this sad Grecian history. It is the word *ΑΥΤΟΝΟΜΙΑ* (*autonomy*). It is not to be found in Homer, nor any thing like it that might be adapted to epic verse. It is rare in Herodotus. It becomes more frequent in Thucydides. It meets us on every page of that most sad and wearisome history that is found in Xenophon's *Hellenica*—such a history as may yet be written of the debris of our own great American republic.

In this last sad period of the Grecian states, no spouter of the agora, or stump orator, as we would call him, could make a speech without this magic word forming the introduction and the peroration, the argument and the appeal, of every discourse. It was the watchword of every factionist; it was the plea of every lesser state in its defense, whilst it was the standing pretext of every powerful one in its aggression. It was the irresistible cant of the times; it entered into all the gabble of their wretched diplomacy; if they had had newspapers they would have been filled with it from end to end.

But what did they mean by *autonomy*? The word sounds fair enough. It may be rendered *independence*. It is etymologically, *self-government*, though having still that same ambiguity that lurks in our modern phrase, and which will allow it to have two meanings in polar opposition—*self-governing*, or *self-governed*—a ruling or a ruled, a rational or an animal selfishness. But it is no question of abstract etymology. We know well what they meant by it. *Autonomia*, as used by the ancient Vallandighams, is precisely synonymous with “state rights,” or “state sovereignty,” in the mouth of the modern. They are not merely co-ordinate but parallel throughout. *Autonomia* was “state rights” in its lowest and most mischievous sense; not the right of each portion to have what belongs to it, in the general political organization, whether as coming from nature, or prescription, or precise enactment; for in that sense each ward has its rights as well as each city; each family has its rights, its reserved rights, and each individual; but it was the right of each part to its own petty sovereignty, however injurious that sovereignty might be to the whole, or however mischievous it might be to the better rights, and the truer interests, of the petty portion that claimed it. It was not that great and

beneficent "state right" which God and nature had designed for each portion, however small, of this unique, geographical territory, and for whose security a great yielding of local independence, with its miserable perquisites, would be the cheapest price that could be paid. In other words, it was not the right of each state in the great nationality—the precious right of each state, and of the people of each state, in the whole and every other, involving the reciprocal right of the whole, and of the people of the whole, in every part. It was not the inestimable right of inter-citizenship—the right of Phocis in Athens and Thebes, and in all the beautiful isles of the Ægean—but the right of Phocis to govern her little self, with a loss of all the value, and all the glory, that would come from being a member of such a nationality. This latter was a state right too transcendental for the ancient demagogue; and so it is for the modern. It cannot be estimated by their arithmetic. The local and the petty, and how easy it is to excite men about it! this they can understand. That that which is small in itself becomes still smaller when separated from a whole that might have imparted to it some of its own dignity—this is altogether beyond them. Phocis and Elis had all their worth as members of Greece. So Illinois has a dignity as a portion of the American nation. Separate from that, what a figure is it likely to make in history, even though it might, for a time, preserve unwarpt the purely arbitrary straight lines that divide it from Indiana and Wisconsin! It falls far below Portugal and Siam; it is immensely outranked, historically, by the smallest canton in Switzerland; we may well doubt whether in the world's knowledge of it as a separate sovereignty, it will ever reach the fame of the Mohawks, and of the Six Nations.

It is this transcending right of each part in the whole and in every other part, this precious right of inter-citizenship, as we have called it, that is so much overlooked in discussing the question of this rebellion, and the relative attitudes of the parties. There is an error here, an oversight, on the part of the most loyal. Even whilst firmly maintaining that the South is wrong, that she has broken the national compact, we still, somehow, concede to them a position of self-defense, locally, if not politically,—*in re* if not *in jure*,—*in fact* if not in *right*. They are fighting *pro aris et focis*, they say, "for their altars and their hearths"—for their own homes, their own soil. We concede this relatively, and to a certain extent, whilst, at the same time, saying that they had no business to be thus fighting for separation; no one had any thought of harming them, or of taking what belonged to them. Now by such appearance of self-defense, even though it be a wrongful one, they get a vantage ground in feeling, a sentimental prestige, to which they



have no right. It is not on our part, a mere claim for the fulfillment of a contract. This is only a part, and the smallest part, of the argument. They have not only unlawfully separated from us, but they have taken what belongs to us as well as to themselves. It was *our* *aræ et foci*, even as the homes and hearths of the North were theirs. It is on their part, not a war of self-defense, but of spoliation. It is the nation that is defending itself against them. It is the loyal parts that are kept out of *their own*, out of their "state rights," their most valuable state rights, and they are fighting to get them back from the robbers who have seized them as their lawless prey. The man of Massachusetts had a right of citizenship in Virginia, and that right he esteems of great value. He never got it even from the federal constitution. It is confirmed, indeed, by compact, but that is only collateral security. It is older than any such compact. It gave rise to that compact. The federal constitution would never have been, had it not been for this previous inter-citizenship constituting this previous nationality. It antedates the separation from Great Britain. The men who took part in that struggle never meant to lose by it so valuable a right as this. They never intended that the severance from the distant motherland should make us aliens to each other, or shut up by themselves, the inhabitants of each petty colonial district, with such a vast diminution of the rights, which before came from the one common British citizenship.

If the letter of the constitution is against such a doctrine, history is far more. The man of Plymouth has the same right in Virginia as the man of Jamestown. He has the same right to buy lands there, to hold them as resident or non-resident owner, to settle on them when he pleases, to reserve them for his children, and to make such children, if he pleases, future inhabitants of that state. For this he is justified in fighting. For this original "state right" he is now fighting. Every Northern soldier now in Virginia has a right to be there even if the necessity of war did not send them there. Any conditions or modifications that Virginia might claim to impose on such rights of soil and citizenship, are only by compact, and that too ever with this restriction, that no terms can be imposed on persons out of her bounds, to prevent them from coming within and exercising all such rights that are not equally imposed upon those already there. The owners of these franchises have a right to contend, even unto blood, against their ever passing under the power of a strictly foreign government which may deny or change them as it pleases.

What makes the opposing claim the more absurd is the fact that so large a proportion of the inhabitants of many of these usurping states came from others in the North and East. In



some of them it is not too much to say that a majority are in this very condition. All they have there is from the exercise of the same original "state right" which they now deny. A great part of the United States has been settled by it, and would have remained a wilderness, or a land of poor straggling hordes, without it. Shall they shut the doors to all who choose to come after them by the same right? Shall Yankees settle Arkansas and Louisiana, and then give this as a name of opprobrium, and treat as alien enemies all who may see fit to follow them? Such robbery and embezzlement as this they call defending their homes, fighting *pro aris et focis*. If right to one it is right to all, and then to what an utter absurdity does this doctrine of sovereignty lead us. Kansas is admitted to the Union with barely enough inhabitants to send a member to Congress. They may immediately declare themselves a sovereign state, with all powers inherent in the idea, thus virtually claiming for themselves alone all that vast unsettled territory. They, too, if such a claim were denied, are fighting *pro aris et focis*.

Again, there is not only the individual right of each state, and of the inhabitants of each state, in every other, but also the claim of their common representative, the general government of the whole nationality. The United States possesses not only political jurisdiction, but the right of soil in all places used for forts, arsenals, armories, shipyards, and other works of the common self-defense. They have been paid for, from the common treasury. The deeds of sale are on record in the national offices. Such was the state of things at Norfolk and Harper's Ferry. Virginia seizes both, drives out the lawful occupants, and converts them to her own rebellious uses. She commits this atrocious burglary, like a felon in the night, and then, she, too, if resisted, is defending her sacred soil; she asks the world's sympathy as one who is fighting *pro aris et focis*!

It is astonishing how this idea of inter-citizenship is lost sight of, though the right of the war is strenuously maintained by us on other and tenable grounds. We of the North, it must be repeated, are fighting not only justly, as for the enforcement of a violated contract, but in actual self-defense to prevent an ouster from a long and acknowledged possession. Let us keep the great truth steadily before the mind: *The right of these states in each other*—the right of each state, and of the people of each state, in every other state—their right to all the benefits which flow from their common nationalities, created by history and confirmed by convention—this is the great and invaluable "state right." Every individual holds it, not from any grant or purchase made by the state in which he lives—not from any concession from the states collectively, or anything representing them—not by any reservation made on his behalf—but from

that original birthright citizenship which made the states, the nation, and the union, as all alike one harmonious indivisible work proceeding from one and the same working power. "*We, the people of the United States, do ordain and establish this Constitution for ourselves and our posterity.*" There spoke this one ancient indivisible sovereignty in peaceful convention; it is the same voice that is now uttered on the battlefield, amidst "confused noise, and garments rolled in blood."

This vital fundamental idea cannot be too often repeated, or too strongly enforced. It was this original inter-citizenship that made the nation. It was the seed from which it grew; it was the law, idea, or formal cause, shaping the outer growth, and giving it just such form as it in time assumed. It made the early congresses; it was the bond and strength of the Revolution that severed our new Anglo-Saxonism from the old; it gave rise to the Articles of Confederation; it demanded, for its more adult vigor, and its just development, the later stronger constitution, commencing, "*We the people,*" and so that constitution was born as its legitimate historical offspring. It has ever since, for nearly eighty years, been giving consistency to all the national acts. It has made history for us; it has made war and peace; it has been acknowledged by foreign nationalities to the ignoring of any other citizenship, or any other nationality in this vast territory. It has settled the prairie and the wilderness; it has built great works of national defense, and national utility, that without it never would have been in existence. In all this the outward action, the mere mode of doing, may have been guided by conventional forms, but these give it not its sanction. It had life in itself—life coming from an older and a higher source.

Mr. Lincoln will long be remembered for his terse declaration of this great truth. "It was the nation that made the Constitution, and not the Constitution the nation," says he, with a concise sagacity, worthy of Aristotle. The nation was before the constitution, and without the former's pre-existence, the latter never would have been. It was the constitution *of* a nation, made *by* a nation, and *for* a nation. It was not philosophy, nor abstract reasoning, perhaps, but that clear common sense for which Mr. Lincoln is distinguished above other men of our day, that sent him at once, and intuitively, to the conclusion.

The shallow declaimers at Chicago tell us that the states made the constitution—organically as well as formerly, they would say, if they could understand the distinction. The parts made the whole; and so the cities, towns and people, made the states. To ignorance like their own this may seem plausible. But they forget that these states, too, are made of parts, that there is no special historical "sacredness" in their bounding

lines, and that when they talk of the states as certain magic corporations, separate from the people of these states, they are talking transcendental nonsense, as they would call it if used by others, and applied to the far more historical national whole.

Parts may make a *sum*, an *aggregate*, a mass of masses; but they cannot, of themselves, make a true *whole*. The difference between the ideas is fundamental. There is a sense, a high sense, in which it may be said, that a true whole is ever before its parts, potentially so in nature, and virtually so in time. It is not a mere metaphysical abstraction that we are here contending for. It is true in physics; it is true in politics. A real organic whole must determine its wholeness, and its parts, as parts of such a whole. Without this they are not parts of anything, but mere contiguities. To make them parts in the sense of *membership*, they need something previous, shaping their relationship to itself and to each other; and this we cannot say too often, is the work of History—of the great world-movement, obeying the Higher Intelligence in originating, organizing, consummating, the earthly “powers ordained of God.”

The states make the nation. This is true as *material* cause. They are partially the material (*ex quo*) out of which the nation is made, just as the more local subdivisions in the last resort, or the individual inhabitants, make the state. But where is the *formal* cause, the *efficient* cause—for here both these casualties unite—in other words, what draws the parts together? What gives them value and relation as parts of such a whole? The merest accidents may make a *sum* or *mass* of contiguities, but a true *whole*, can only come from an organic life—in other words, a previous *wholeness*. There is a metaphysics belonging to the state, and men must not sneer at it, nor trifle with it, if they would avoid the most serious, practical consequences.

The Albany Argus affects to laugh at Mr. Lincoln’s “crude idea;” but the editor is as incapable of appreciating its practical shrewdness, its irresistible common sense, as he is of understanding its deep philosophy. The national being comes not from any mere conventional arrangements, claiming either to make it, or to unmake it, as they please. It is “God that hath made us, and not we ourselves.” Generations that are past, generations yet to come, have an interest in this work as well as the present. This national being is the *cause* of such conventionalities, and not their effect. It holds in political philosophy, as well as in chemistry. Everywhere in the organic world, whether physical or historical, the life, according to its more or less complex law, builds up the organization, instead of the organization creating the life. Very different from this, is a mere outside union, that may come together and separate as accident determines. The latter has not even the lowest form of vitality. It falls below that of the polypus. Cut it into as

many segments as you please, and each one becomes a miserable individual polypus capable of being dissected, in the same way, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

This national life of ours, after going through its embryo colonial state, has been deepened by eighty years organic growth. We are beginning now to understand how deep it is. The sharp pain we feel at the stab which has been given to its vitality, shows that we are alive all over. It is the pang of dreaded dissolution, and all this the more terrible because a true state is not made to die; death is not natural to it. "The state," says Cicero, is formed for eternity: *Debet enim constituta sic esse civitas ut æterna sit*. How graphic as well as how profound; "and so," he proceeds to say, "the state undergoes no ordinary natural dissolution like a man, but must be utterly extinguished and blotted out by violence; it is as if a world had perished and fallen into ruin," *simile est quodam modo ac si omnis hic mundus intereat et concidat*.\*

If it were death alone! But "Hell follows hard after." What a heaving Tartarus was Greece, when all hope of a true nationality was given up! From Coreyra to Rhodes, from Byzantium to Cyrene, one bloody scene of faction, "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion." In the cities, in the isles, in the colonies, banishments, confiscations, ostracisms, and cruel deaths. The most ferocious parties everywhere, fomented in the smaller states by the influence of the larger, and ever kept alive in the leading cities by the continual presence of foreign emissaries. With us it would be far more like Satan's kingdom, inasmuch as our states are more numerous, relatively more petty, and, from the increased powers of modern knowledge, and modern invention, capable of greater mutual mischief.

We are not prophesying at random. Here is our old guide book. The road is all mapped out, the way surveyed by which we march to ruin. All the dire calamities of Greece may be traced to this word, *autonomia*. The rapidity of her downward course was just in proportion to its frequency. It became in time almost the only thing that could be heard amid the political din of states and factions. Infatuated Hellas! It was the last word upon her lips. She died repeating *autonomia*. "State rights"—"State sovereignty"—this was ever the cry until autonomy, and heteronomy, the Grecian power at home, the Grecian power abroad, and all hopes of Grecian nationality, perished forever in the battle of Chæroneia.

Greece presented the first great proof of a fact of which we are now in danger of furnishing another and more terrible example to the world. It is the utter impossibility of peace, in

\* Cicero *Repub.*, Lib. III, sec. xxiii.

a territory made by nature a geographical unity, inhabited by a people, or peoples, of one lineage, one language, bound together in historical reminiscences, yet divided into petty sovereign states too small for any respectable nationalities themselves, and yet preventing any beneficent nationality as a whole. No animosities have been so fierce as those existing among people thus geographically and politically related. No wars with each other have been so cruel; no home factions have been so incessant, so treacherous, and so debasing. The very ties that draw them near, only awaken occasions of strife, which would not have existed between tribes wholly alien to each other in language and religion.

It is easy now to trace this rapid degeneracy in Greece, and to determine its causes. Had Athens been successful in the long Peloponnesian war, it might, perhaps, have been remedied. The success of this most national of all the states, might have laid the foundation of a Grecian imperium,—not of conquest, nor of monarchy, but of united national institutions forming a noble *commonwealth* in which every thing might have been as free as in generous Athens itself; for it was a feature of the times then, as it is now, that those states whose domestic institutions were the most despotic, had ever the most to say of liberty and independence. So among ourselves; it was not in Massachusetts, but in South Carolina and Mississippi, that there arose filibustering schemes for the deliverance of enslaved countries, and the cry of “extending the area of freedom.” The noble Athenian people, on the other hand, ever showed in all their history, that their love of individual freedom was ever in harmony with the Panhellenic passion, and derived its purest inspiration from it. It was the generous love of ALL GREECE to which, ambitious as Athens was of Attic glory, she so often sacrificed her own prosperity as a sectional part.

After the melancholy close of the Peloponnesian war, the Grecian history becomes a rapidly dissolving view. An absolute autonomy for every part, or for any part, is discovered to be impossible. The Spartan *alliance*, her *συνμαχία* as it was mildly called, is found to be more grievous than any attempt of Athens, to establish a common nationality. And now there arises a new feature in these political complications. The plea of necessity comes in. It presents itself just as often as may be demanded for the convenience of the stronger power. Sparta had gone to war, for the independence of the cities. She was fighting for all Greece, the battle of “state sovereignty;” so it was said then, as it is claimed for Jefferson Davis now. But after the sad downfall of Athens, no one of the weaker states could be allowed, at pleasure, to depart from the new *Confederacy*. If any proposition of this kind came from Argos, or from



the old conquered Messene, or from any of the "liberated isles," as they were called in the Lacedæmonian cant, she made the same answer that Jefferson Davis gave to the Remonstrants of North Carolina. True they were sovereign states—had not Sparta fought long and hard for that—but then, this sovereignty, this autonomy, must be properly understood, it must cease to be perfect sovereignty sometimes, it must keep itself within some proper bounds of expediency. Their departure might endanger the alliance, or produce local inconvenience. It was bad to have an enemy, or an independent state that might become an enemy, between Lacedæmon and Thebes, or between Lacedæmon and Athens. And so the state rights of Corinth and Megara became just about as valuable, and as tenable, as those of New Jersey would be, lying in her petty sovereignty, between New York and Pennsylvania. With these greater powers on each side of her, demanding transitus for purposes of war or commerce, she will find her own petty legislature a feeble defense to her railroad grants, and her precious sovereignty a very poor exchange for that invaluable "state right," she once possessed in an all-protecting nationality. She might protect her own oystermen against those of Delaware. She might exclude her own niggers from her own common schools, and from her own theological seminaries. These high acts of sovereignty no one might think fit to dispute with her. But she must not assume to lay taxes on travel or trade between New York and Philadelphia, or forbid the passage of an army, if that should be deemed necessary. In all such cases it would soon be found that there were other "state rights," or state conveniencies, coming in collision with her sovereignty, and, of course, in the absence of any national regulator, there can be no other arbiter than the power of the stronger. The greater this national regulator, the less motive for any despotic acts; the farther removed from narrow, local jealousies, the more conservative of all true and valuable rights. But this she has lost, and now she must make the most of the mighty powers that lie under "her great seal." A mere glance at the position of this state upon the map (and we might have taken almost any other state as well) is enough to put to silence all the famed logic of Calhoun, with every argument that ever came from that pestilent storehouse of mischief, "the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions."

Let us look at this matter carefully. If New Jersey always possessed this right of sovereignty, or if she never surrendered it, or has a reserved right to take back what she gave without reserve (although this last supposition involves a sheer absurdity) then, a fortiori, must she have had it during the revolution. It follows, then, that she could have refused confederacy, or could



have withdrawn from it. She could have made a separate treaty with Great Britain, or she could have stood alone. She could have declared herself a sovereign power in the earth, and no other state would have had a right to question it. She could have forbidden Washington to cross the Delaware on that cold Christmas night when he took the Hessians. She could have told him not to put the tread of his foreign army upon her "sacred soil," just as Maryland warned back the regiments of Massachusetts when speeding on to the defense of the national capital. If not, why not? Where is the defect of the argument, if there is any soundness in these state rights premises? Would Washington, however, have respected such a prohibition? Would other parties ever have allowed it under any plea, whether it had been prescription, or inherent sovereignty, or that most sacred thing, the Duke of York's land patent.

But this was a case of necessity, one may say. Yes, and it has been a case of necessity ever since. It is a case of necessity now—as strong at this moment, as it was in the revolution. For this necessity is but the organic law of which we speak—the shaping power of history, giving every thing its place and proper sovereignty. It is God that makes nations. "He it is that hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitations." The "powers that be are ordained of God." We have quoted these texts before, but they can bear to be often preached from. Paul is a better authority here, than Calhoun, or the Kentucky resolutions, or even the patent of the Duke of York. God never made New Jersey to be a sovereignty, and that is the best of all reasons why she should never assume to be one. Cases of necessity! why, there are every where just such—every where in our history, every where in our geography. Attempts at separation put them in a stronger light than ever; they reveal others that never had been suspected before. The national agony in the crises of dislocation shows, beyond all abstract reasoning, the vile logic, as well as the damning sin of secession.

Endless were the negotiations in Greece, arising out of such a state of things. The difficulty was felt in every part. Sparta contended that the isles should be independent, the small as well as the greater. Each should have autonomy. But then it would not do, that any of them should be on friendly terms with Sparta's rival, or furnish naval stations, or commercial advantages to her enemies, whether old or new. And so, too, Elis must yield some of her sovereignty, that Sparta might have more coast room, and an easier access to the Gulf of Corinth. The cities of Eubœa must have autonomy, but then it is also necessary that there should be a strong Lacedæmonian power there, with certain fortresses as pledges of security, in order to

counteract the influence of the near lying Attic state. To be sure, they must all have autonomy, but then nothing must be allowed to weaken autonomy's great defender, the Peloponnesian confederacy.

This kind of reasoning would have had a just and noble aspect had it been employed, as conservative of the integrity of a great Grecian nationality, and as a defense against a foreign power, Persian or Macedonian. To preserve unimpaired the Hellenic wholeness—to guard against exposure of it to foreign invasion, or any insidious foreign intervention, through the weakening or defection of any part, would have been a sublime policy worthy of Pericles and Demosthenes. But the little great men who preached state rights, in all these petty commonwealths could not see this. It was too large for their angle of vision, just adapted, as it was, to the diminutive and the near. They could not reach the height of this great argument, even as Mr. Davis himself cannot now see how his plea of confederate inconvenience, as against North Carolina, or the danger which her departure would occasion to his own power, cuts up by the roots every argument he has employed for the right of secession. If North Carolina cannot be permitted to go in peace (even with an acknowledged and solemnly guaranteed right to do so), because she would make a chasm between Virginia and Georgia, or lose to the Confederacy the security of the Southern coast, we think immediately of the chasms, and deformities, and insecurities, that this doctrine of secession brings to a structure far more beautiful, far more beneficent, having far more right to live as one of the great "powers ordained of God." We cannot let you go, says Davis; he treats it, and rightly too, as something more than a matter of conventionality; we will make war upon you, if you dare to think of leaving us—and Gov. Vance seconds the cry. But the war for the nation, that is an atrocious wrong; to shed blood in defense of this precious national integrity, such a proceeding fills our pious peace men with horror. North Carolina would make a hiatus in the unnatural Southern monstrosity; Davis thinks that very bad; but secession disfigures the fairest geographical territory to be found on the globe; it separates from their sources the mouths of mighty rivers; it leaves, for extended frontiers, arbitrary lines of most surpassing ugliness, and which nothing in nature or history can render permanent; worse than an inundation of the sea, it cuts off that Gulf corner of our land, with all its costly national works, so essential to our security against a foreign foe, or, what is worse, makes it the seat of a domestic enemy who may, at any time, expose to that foreign foe the most vulnerable and mortal part of our political organism. Though North Carolina has an abstract right, doubtless, its assertion would be practically very inconvenient. Mr. Davis

cannot part with the Roanoke and Albermarle sound ; but secession may, with impunity, cut off from the United States the keys of Florida, the bay of Mobile, the mouth of the Mississippi, with all its countless advantages to the North and West ! There must be no chasms in the new power ; but Ohio (even to this the doctrine brings us) has a right to secede, though her doing so would leave an impassable hole in the very centre of the old nationality. It all comes to this ; the larger, the more beneficent, the more natural, and, because the larger and the more natural, therefore the less jealous and selfish power, is thus ever to be watched, and causelessly assailed ; whilst, on the other hand, the smaller the subdivisions the more sacred their rights, though history proves that such petty sovereignties have ever been among the greatest nuisances on earth.

Such was the reasoning in Greece ; such is it now with us, when men contend against nature, history and geography, as well as the most solemn national compacts.

We are not contending against true state rights, any more than against the rights of families and individuals. They need not be opposed to each other or confounded. There is a clear and indelible distinction between national and municipal rights, between national and municipal government. It exists in the very nature of things and ideas. The latter may be safely carried to any extent consistent with its own legitimate internal aims, and the safety of that embracing whole which gives to the parts all their dignity and value. Local government, for local purposes, is no new thing, first tried with us. It exists, more or less, in every nationality. It is exercised, of necessity, and to some degree, in the most despotic and consolidated, whilst in such a political structure as ours, it forms a predominant, and, if not abused, a most salutary feature. It may be defined as a political power that ever looks *within*, unacknowledged by foreign nationalities and having no relations to them except through an *outer* nationality, of which it forms an organic part. Thus Connecticut and Ohio have a less dependent social jurisdiction than Cornwall or Middlesex, but they are equally unknown to the world of sovereign nations. True national government, on the other hand, may be defined as looking both within and without, though the latter is its predominant aspect as it will appear in history. It has in charge all foreign relations. Besides this it is the only power that can truly regulate intercourse between its parts. Both are summed up in this ; there is committed to it, and of necessity committed to it, its own preservation, and the preservation of the parts in the preservation of the whole of which they are parts.

The general idea of national existence being thus stated, the question arises, what belongs to it? What specific powers are the least that can be assigned to it? The answer comes from the very idea of an organic political body forming a true sovereignty—that is, according to another of Mr. Lincoln's terse definitions, acknowledging no human power above it on the earth. Conventionalities may modify these powers; the manner of their exercise may be regulated by a national understanding which becomes its constitution for that purpose, but they derive not their origin from it—their sanction from it. They inhere in the very idea of nationality itself. In other words, given a true nation—whether as made by history or otherwise—and these powers are given. Let us attempt to define them.

A true nation has, first of all, and above all, the power of self-preservation, of preserving its own existence according to its organic law, which is the theoretical idea or constitution which history has given to it. As following directly from this, it has the power (acting through this higher organic law, and without violating the *mode* presented by its conventional constitution), of making that conventional constitution, from time to time, such as will best contribute to this great end of preserving its own national being\* which is assumed to be a "power ordained of God," beneficial to itself and to the world. From this great fundamental right, flow out all the rest. It has all powers relating to foreign intercourse. It has the war-making power, the treaty-making power, the foreign commerce regulating power. It has, in the other aspect, all powers in the ultimate relating to the international intercourse between the parts, and which those parts cannot exercise without a confusion and an insecurity inconsistent with the common welfare, both of parts and whole. Hence it has the internal revenue power, the post office power, or the trust which such a whole alone can well and safely exercise of harmoniously conveying the internal intelligence. It has the internal commerce regulating power; it has the intercivic power, or the determination of the one common citizenship, the same and unchangeable in every part. Again, it has all the

\* This idea, so well expressed by Mr. Lincoln, of the nation being above all, and older than all, is fundamental to all true conservatism. It is rather a curious fact, that in the floating cant of the times, this word, conservative, should be assumed by men holding a doctrine, that inevitably leads to national disintegration. Of all destructive political heresies, the worst is that which now seeks to pass itself under this honored name. It is still more strange when we think of those to whom the appellation is now given. The word conservative, whatever may be its political soundness, has heretofore been associated with respectability, with intelligence, with social order, with individual and social morality. Who are now the conservative masses? They are the refuse of our great cities, they are the rioters and negro burners of New York, they are men who, in former days, have been known as filibusters, favorers of the slave trade, and of every wild adventure opposed as well to the law of nations, as to the laws of the land in which they dwell.

powers that spring from both these aspects, the foreign and the domestic, in their combined relation to the national well-being and the national existence. Hence it has the navy creating power, the fort and armory building power, the port establishing power, the public road making power, so far as there are demanded facilities of intercourse and of internal improvements that may be necessary to national compactness, national strength, and national defense. As embracing all these aims, it has that great attribute of nationality ever regarded as inseparable from, and involving the idea of sovereignty—the money making power. We might mention others, which, although inherent in the idea of nationality, have their outer manifestation only in some peculiar aspects of modern civilization, such as the establishment of coast surveys, or expeditions for geographical and scientific discovery, or the granting of copyrights for the encouragement of literature, or for any other healthful exercise of the human intellectual powers that would only be cramped, if not wholly hindered, by the petty jealousies of narrow, local legislation, ever the more violent and despotic in proportion to its narrowness. Add to this all powers necessary for carrying into effect the foregoing, and we have the general sum of what belongs to true sovereignty, what a nation must possess from the simple fact alone of its being a nation.

These powers belonged to that great nation, that most peculiar historical and geographical unity we called the United States. They are mostly specified in its written constitution; but this is declaratory rather than originating. The power that made that constitution, and might have made it otherwise, must have contained all these powers inherently before. They may have been wrapped up, undeveloped, unexercised, in some degree unthought of, but they were there. Had that instrument contained but one clause; had the convention from which it derived its outward form and *modus operandi* made and recorded but this one single utterance, and that not an enactment, but a declarative statement, that this territory we call the United States, of *right*, ought to be, and, *in fact*, was, a nation among the nations of the earth, such declaration would have contained in it, and carried with it, every one of these powers; or had it added one single organizing clause in lieu of all the others, giving to one man, to be chosen every year by the votes of the people, the entire national administration, executive, legislative and judicial, such a form of government would be indeed most defective, but that one man thus representing the national *mind* and the national *will*, would have rightly had in himself all these prerogatives of peace and war, of commerce, revenue, money, national defense, and national existence.



Some of these powers may lie long in embryo, but they are born in time. Some of them were not outwardly developed in the first years of our separate history, but they are contained in the very idea of nationality, and must have found a way to assert themselves under any organic form, however defective and hindering. Jefferson asserted, and asserted rightly, that even in the old articles of confederation, apparently weak as they were, lay the power of state coercion. Under our present constitution, all such developments have a regular and easy birth. There is a regular organic mode through which the constitution, and the government under it, may assume any form, and may become any thing that the exigencies of the national existence and well-being may demand. Through the prescribed modes of constitutional change, it may become more consolidated, or less consolidated; if the popular or national mind and national will organically acting demand it, it may approach nearer to monarchical and aristocratical forms, or it may recede farther from them; it may become more democratic, or less democratic; it may allow slavery every where, or wholly free itself from slavery; it may leave greater powers in the states than they now possess, or it may in time, and proceeding in the regular course of constitutional amendment, wholly obliterate politically every state line. Through all this, it is the same life, and in fact the same constitution, for it is acting according to that organic law which constitutes national as well as physical identity. It is, too, the same national mind and will in all these varied aspects of its manifestation. It is the one national soul linking into a common identity, the past, the present, and the future. It is, in short, the *one nation* living on forevermore, and which Cicero so impressively says, was not made to die. Hence, there is one thing which it cannot do—we mean of course rightfully do. It cannot destroy itself. There is no provision in its life for death. It may violently commit suicide like a man, but the act is unnatural to it; it is abhorrent to its organism. God, too, may destroy it; but such a catastrophe, we may well suppose, only happens when it has rendered itself incapable of any beneficent function, and become a nuisance upon the earth. The danger of our becoming such a nuisance is now, as it anciently was in Greece, wholly on the side of this doctrine of state rights. It is a very old habit of men "to cry fear, where no fear is," but there is nothing for us to apprehend in the other direction. The states are not in danger from the nation; they never have been. The local powers will never want their noisy advocates. But why should there be any jealousy between them? In the harmonious working of our beautiful structure, national and municipal powers, as we have attempted to define them, (or state



powers if the name is preferred) are mutually interpenetrating in act, though so distinct in idea. When we speak of our national government, especially to a foreigner, we generally have in mind the articles made in 1787, and commonly called "the Constitution of the United States." But this is a very inadequate view of the matter. Our frame of government, as one harmonious nationality in its outward and inward workings, is rather that majestic yet complicated structure which combines all that is general, all that is local, all that is national, and all that is municipal in one great charter of rights and duties; so that should a foreigner ask to read our constitution, it would be right to give him the book containing all—the state and national constitutions combined in one—as the only complete description of our organic life. This is our constitution with its many chapters and sections—this is our law of national being. Each state charter is a part of the great national understanding, and so, on the other hand, the national constitution enters into that of each state, as much as though it had been recited verbatim in the preamble, or declared to be a part of it by an appendix expressly added for that purpose. Here is solved what has seemed to some the perplexing problem of state and national allegiance. They are one and the same. The man who swears to support the constitution of Virginia in all its integrity, does, in the same act, and even if he took no other oath, swear to maintain the constitution of the United States,—the constitution of that whole of which Virginia is a constituent part, and without which neither Virginia nor her constitution would be what they now are.

Such a nationality has truly existed in this geographical territory contained by the Lakes, the Atlantic, the Gulf, and the Mississippi. It arose out of the one and entire British sovereignty. It was announced in the declaration of independence; it was the living principle of the war that followed; it was solemnly confirmed in the treaty of peace made with Great Britain in 1783. There were but two parties known in that transaction. It was the English treating with the then acknowledged American sovereignty. It was the old Anglo-Saxonism acknowledging the nationality of the new. No one of these several sovereign states—so claimed to be—was ever acknowledged as such by any power on the face of the earth. They never had a war, or peace, or commercial alliance, with any foreign state. As sovereignties, as nations, they are utterly unknown to history.

The true American sovereignty, on the other hand, has never since ceased to be one and entire. It has, at times, been feeble indeed, but never shared with any other. If this is not so, then we have an anomaly in politics. If we have not been a nation,

—one nation,—then for the space of ninety years, has there been no political sovereignty of any kind within these limits,—nothing that could be called by the name. In every other portion of the earth—among all other people however civilized or barbarous, there has ever been some one acknowledged supreme political power, sovereign to all without ; here, in this fair territory of ours, there has been no national existence. If the state rights doctrine be true, it has, during all this time, and as far as foreign powers are concerned, been a blank political waste. For nearly a century, we have been speaking, and acting, and living a lie.

But even this lie, bad as all lies are, is better than the reality that would have been without it. If a delusion, it has done something to keep the peace. We shudder at the thought of thirty or more such sovereignties as New Jersey, filled with such politicians as our state rights men generally are, being crowded within these bounds. To say nothing of any bloody horrors, such as never ceased in unhappy Greece, what a loss of all dignity, of all political value, what a sinking of all that is high and heroic in national reminiscences ! Let us try and imagine such states acting their little mischievous part on the theater of history. New Jersey sending ambassadors to France or Russia ; the high and mighty state of North Carolina entering into articles of everlasting amity, or chivalrously engaging in war, with Great Britain ! What farces would these be ! And then their political annals, what sublime reading that would be ! Events taking place in a very small territory may, indeed, have an everlasting page in history, but then they must be connected with something that is intrinsically great, something wide reaching in its influence upon the destinies of mankind. The little Greek states, beside their connection with the old heroic deeds of the Homeric and Anti-Persian Panhellenism, had something of a history of their own, going far back, some of them, into a remote antiquity ; but there is nothing historical in New Jersey and North Carolina, except as connecting them with some greater historical whole. Guilford and Monmouth are not their battle fields, any more than Gettysburg belongs to Pennsylvania. Over all of them had we better draw the veil of everlasting oblivion, than have them remain as monuments of our deep dishonor when the state rights doctrine shall have wrought its ruin in our land.

The lamentable *error* in Greece was the fictitious prevention of any such nationality ever being formed. With us it is more than an error. The great, the ineffable *crime* in our land is the seeking to destroy such nationality after it had existed full and strong for eighty years, after generations had been born under it, receiving its rights and privileges as a precious inheritance

from their fathers, and transmitting them as the most invaluable legacy to their children. Nor is this latter fact of least importance in our argument. It is higher and stronger than any conventionality. No paper constitution has such a sanction as this silent course of nature bringing out the unborn, and placing them, at the very origin of their earthly existence, in the stream of historic influences, and under the educating power of settled institutions. It is the seal that God sets upon the work. It connects the present with the past and the future. Generations thus born under law, are ever, by their very law of continuity, transforming the conventional cement into organic growth, and converting what might seem, outwardly, the work of man into a true historic "power ordained of God."

But let us not lose sight of Greece, that most instructive mirror that God has given us for our perfect illumination. We see reflected there our own picture in its minutest lights and shades. Her past projects itself into our future, and from it there is no great difficulty in telling what will be the next step, if we follow on the downward course of her sad history. Along with this cry of autonomy, and often in practical inconsistency with it, there arose in Greece the doctrine of "the balance of power." We know the wars that this has occasioned in modern Europe. But the adjustment of those larger and natural sovereignties has a benefit counterbalancing the inevitable evils. When the attempt is to apply it between petty sovereignties arbitrarily divided, and without any ethnological ground to warrant it—too small for any beneficent ends, and having, therefore, no right to exist—it becomes evil and evil only. There is no power so despotic as well as so mischievous as petty power. A rabble of such contemptible nationalities, placed in near contiguity, where they may be ever snarling at, and biting each other! It is a den of vipers; and any act of God in history, whether through foreign subjugation, or otherwise, that closes its hissing mouth is to be desired and prayed for by every true friend of humanity.

Along with this never settled balance of power doctrine, there came into use a peculiar political vocabulary. Such a state was to be attacked for Atticizing; another was charged with Laconizing; all mutually reproached each other with Mediizing, and this was the truest of all. In the assertion of their wretched autonomy, Sparta, Thebes, Athens, Argos, the Isles, the Colonies, had each their deputies at the foreign Persian court intriguing against each other, and all secretly courting this once vanquished power, to the disadvantage of their rivals. It entered into the spirit and proceedings of their home factions as they existed in each state. The *ἐκταίρια*, the secret party meetings, the political clubs or caucuses, had often with them the secret foreign emissary to encourage and report. The fact is

repeatedly alluded to by the later historians, and well may it remind us of some feature that are beginning to appear in our own photograph. We are startled, sometimes, on looking at some exhumed relic of ancient art. How like ourselves, and the work of our own times? The Persian legate in secret conclave with a faction at Corinth or Sparta, plotting the overthrow of some rival party at home, or in a neighboring state! Such a mere passing allusion in Xenophon, or Thucydides, is like an old inscription dug out of some mouldering ruin. Clear away the rust of age, bring out the letters in their distinctness, and what do we see? It is the veritable record of an event which has already taken place among us, and which bids fair, if Chicago triumphs, to be often repeated in our history. It is the British ambassador privately meeting with a political club in New York, or visited, as he states, by the leaders of a political faction, who come to consult with him about foreign intervention, and the time for it that would be most favorable for their party interests. O the unchangeableness of human nature? History is a repeating cycle. "The thing that has been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun."

This was the Greece that had vanquished the millions of Xerxes, and rescued all Ionia from the Oriental sway. She is now suffering Ionia to go back to the yoke, and the Isles to fall under the Persian dominions, just as we, in our impotence, see Mexico under a German Emperor, and Peru suffering from the insults of Spain. We cannot help ourselves for men who once sat in an American senate are now waiting for recognition at the court of Bonaparte, and New York merchants are closeted with Lord Lyons in preparing planks for the platform of a political convention. O Hellas, how rapid thy degeneracy! This deep degradation was not long after 10,000 Greeks had defiantly traversed the length and breadth of the Persian Empire. There were yet old men who had heard their fathers tell of Salamis, as we now hear of Bunker Hill and Yorktown; and now here are the Greeks waiting in the ante-chamber of the Persian monarch, and presenting the same melancholy humiliating spectacle, that we shall exhibit when faction and "state rights" shall have reduced us to the same condition of political imbecility.

It is to be noted as an important feature in her history, that though clamoring for autonomy, Greece still had her confederacies. She was ever making confederacies, and dissolving them as fast as made. It was the struggle of nature and history against utter anarchy. But these confederacies had no national bond, no geographical unity, no common historical reminiscences to keep them together. They did not last long enough to make any history of their own. They were formed on every pretext that faction could throw up. It was now Sparta and Thebes

and Corinth, against Athens. Again it was Sparta and Corinth, against Thebes. In these continual upturnings we find even Athens and Sparta leagued together against Bœotia. It was nothing strange that such unnatural antagonisms should, now and then, give occasion to equally strange alliances. There is a capricious pleasure, sometimes, in showing how those who have fought fiercely with each other, can fight, all the harder for it, against those whom political convulsions have made, for the time, their common foes. Thus Massachusetts and South Carolina may some day be found fighting together against Pennsylvania and Virginia. There were times when Athens became nearly isolated. Demagogues in other states assailed her very much as New England is now assailed. But she had an intrinsic superiority that made it impossible she should ever be despised. Her high culture, her literature, her philosophy, gave her a proud position, even when her political power was most weakened. Even the dull Bœotian could not help feeling that there was something very respectable in the Attic alliance.

That, in such a condition of things the smaller and weaker states must suffer every kind of injustice, we need not history to inform us. They were situated just as Delaware will be, when the full control of her bay and river is wanted for her strong neighbor Pennsylvania, and there is no higher power to prevent the latter from doing just as she pleases. Phocis and Ellis, Megara and Sikyon, the smaller cities of Thessaly, the scattered and helpless Isles, the distant colonies, were ever at the mercy of the larger states, and endangered by every new and shifting confederacy. They still kept crying out for autonomy, and it was conceded to them in appearance, but nothing could be more unreal. It was ever made the occasion of the most despotic proceedings on the part of the larger states in their continual contentions with each other. Thebes was getting too strong, and so Sparta was seized with a sudden passion for the independence of the Theban dependencies. Thebes must grant autonomy to the lesser cities which, with her, formed a sort of Bœotian confederacy as a counterpoise to the Peloponnesian. Sparta had a right to demand this; for was she not the champion of Grecian independence? When it was demanded of her in like manner, to give autonomy to certain cities of Elis and Arcadia, which she had taken under her protection, she had ready immediately the answer of Jefferson Davis, and Gov. Vance, to the Remonstrants of North Carolina. It was not convenient. It would make chasms in her boundaries; it would weaken her frontier. Sparta must be strong—for was she not the great upholder of autonomy, the bulwark of state rights,—and, therefore, in her case, the principle must yield, or seem to yield, to a wise expediency.



We have dwelt upon the picture minutely and at length, from a strong desire to impress it vividly on the minds of the readers. The truth cannot be exceeded; but the saddest thing of all is the thought, how, amid all this, the old national glory was obscured, and the proudest remembrances of Grecian history lost their hold upon the mind. And this was no merely romantic or unreal injury. Every nation has its heroic age. It is a beneficent provision of God in history. Such heroic age is the fountain of its political life. When this dries up, that life withers, and decrepitude, premature decrepitude, rapidly ensues. Most strikingly was it so in Greece. As autonomy rings upon the ear we hear less and less of the old Homeric days—less and less of Marathon, and Salamis, and Thermopylae, and Plataea. Have we not some similar experience here? The years are brief, but they are already making a rapid difference in the national feeling. In a large portion of our country the Fourth of July is no longer celebrated. Washington's birth day is beginning to bring up only the saddest associations of ideas. It is becoming painful to read of Bunker Hill and Saratoga. We lay the book aside with the mournful hope, that God will bring again the time when the feeling of the heroic shall not be lost in the heavy depression that now accompanies its perusal. A nation loses immensely when it loses this. We, of all people, can least afford it; for our heroic age, though bright, was brief. Once gone from its due place in our memories, and it is gone forever. We have no historical materials out of which to construct again its reality or its semblance.

This utter loss of the heroic, as connected with the old Hellenic reminiscences, is especially seen in what is called the *Peace* of Antalcidas, made in the year 387 before Christ. It was some time before the closing catastrophes, but we select it as the period of deepest degradation, making sure what must sooner or later come. There was a spasmodic revival of the old glory in the days of Pelopidas and Epaminondas, but it was a flickering and transient flame. Thebes had her brief turn after Athens and Sparta, but nothing could stay the degeneracy, or heal the mortal wound that had been given to the true Grecian independence in the base transaction on which we are dwelling. There died the last hope of any Hellenic nationality. They got a peace at last, but what a peace! It was, indeed, soon to be broken like the numberless truces and armistices they had made before; the old compound fracture was past healing; but transient as was this peace of Antalcidas, this is not the main thing in it to which we would call attention. It was rather the painful picture it presents of Grecian degradation. In this respect, it could sink no lower. The subsequent subjugations

of Philip and the Romans, could add nothing to this deep dishonor.

The influence of Persia in Grecian politics had long been felt—an influence arising not from her own power, but from Grecian divisions, from their foolish autonomy, their insane cry of state rights. This, however, is the first instance in which that foreign power, that ancient enemy, openly and diplomatically appears as the dictator in Grecian affairs, under the pretence of protecting the independence of the Grecian states. The Oriental despot assumes the position of defender of Greece against herself. Her endless and bloody wars shocked his notions of humanity; he is horror struck at the fratricidal strife. The parallel that all this presents with some things in modern times, is certainly a very curious one. Thucydides in his iv Book, sec. 50. gives us quite a graphic account of a very singular correspondence between Sparta and the Persian king. The letters had been intercepted by Aristides, the captain of an Athenian ship of war. They were transferred, says the historian, from the Assyrian character, and in them Artaxerxes is found complaining of the Lacedæmonians that he cannot tell what they mean (*οὐ γινώσκουσιν ὃ τι βούλονται*). Their plain Laconic style, in which they so prided themselves, had suddenly become tortuous and diplomatic. It was the same difficulty that Napoleon finds in determining what the South means to do with Slavery. But the obscurity was not greater than the inconsistency. The Spartan chivalry had, in former days, been the greatest revilers of the Persian power. It had been their political capital, just as in our times, abuse of England and the charge of British influence was ever the standing party weapon of our Southern democracy. British gold for the Federalists and the Whigs, Persian gold for the Athenians; the comparison runs on all fours. So Sparta, in her political diplomacy, was ever claiming to be the peculiar champion of the ancient Monroe Doctrine. She was ever accusing the other Grecian states of Mediizing. Especially was this charge made against Athens, the most truly Grecian and national of them all. But what do we now behold? It is an appearance as full of instruction as it is of strange historic interest. When the traveler looks back from a certain hill in Germany, he sees painted on his far distant rear horizon, a giant figure that seems to move when he moves, and to stand still when he stops to gaze upon it. It is caused by a peculiar state of the atmosphere. A similar phenomenon is sometimes brought out in the mirage of time. We pause on some mount of his history and look back. Far off there beckons to us the passionless ghost of antiquity. Is it the Spectre of the Brocken that is mocking us with such fantastic imitations of our own acts? Is it our own

shadow thrown back two thousand years over the intervening waste of time? It is ourselves we see, our own inseparable image deriding us with an unmistakable *fac simile* of our own folly and crime. There we stand; Mason and Slidell at London and Paris—Antalcidas at the Court of Susa—far absent in the *flesh*, but, in the timeless *spirit*, all the same, here we find Sparta soliciting intervention from Artaxerxes, promising in return, not cotton, for that was a thing unknown in those days, nor the emancipation of the Helots, but the annexation to Persia of Ionia and the Isles. We next see the Spartan ambassador side by side with the Persian envoy at the Sardis conference, and seconding him in the dictation of the humiliating terms. Read the account of it as given in Xenophon's *Hellenics*. "It was a treaty ready made," says the historian, "brought down by the Satrap Tiribazus, along with Antalcidas, the Spartan legate; it was read aloud by the Persian, heard with silence and submission by the Grecian deputies, after he had called their special attention to the royal seal,"—ἐπιδείξας τὰ βασιλέως σήματα—as though in this significant act lay the special degradation of the whole affair. How curt this intervening despot's style! How clearly does he show his consciousness that it is not the men of Marathon to whom he is now talking. So brief is the royal document that we give it in full,—“Artaxerxes, the king, thinks it right that the Greek cities in Asia should be *his*, and also of the isles Clazomenæ and Cyprus. It is his will that the other Grecian cities, both small and great, should have autonomy. Whichever party does not accept *the peace*, I will make war against them with my Grecian allies, both by sea and land, with ships and money.” (Signed and sealed, Artaxerxes.)

What a tableau was here! Tiribazus showing them the king's seal, Antalcidas, the Spartan deputy, affirming its authenticity, the others standing meekly by and receiving—autonomy. Their precious “state rights!” They have them now at the hands of the Persian monarch.

Our view of the humiliating scene is concluded when we call to mind what autonomy really was under the Spartan rule, with its Dekarchies, or consular boards, its Harmosts, or agents to keep the peace, in all the states that force or diplomacy brought under her influence. It is just such autonomy as will be found in a Southern Confederacy, should Tennessee or Arkansas venture to assert their real independence. It is just such “state rights,” and just such “free speech,” as will be allowed to Massachusetts, should a slaveholding Oligarchy, protected by France and England, be allowed again to establish itself in our land.

“This base and unholy act” (αἰσχρὸν καὶ ἀνόσιον ἔργον), as Plato calls it in the *Menexenus*, was resolutely opposed by the Athe-

nians. How bitter it was for them is seen in the mournful Oration of Isocrates.\* It sounds like a wailing dirge over the last hope of true Grecian independence, and of a true Panhellenic Commonwealth; but the bitterest thing of all was the dictatorial style, and the insulting interference, of the foreign power brought in by the very people who, in former days, had most reviled it, and who claimed then to be the peculiar guardians of Grecian rights. Alas! says this polished orator, "have we come to this?" ὁ βάρβαρος κήδεσται τῆς Ἑλλάδος, καὶ φύλαξ τῆς εἰρήμης εἶπιν—"The foreigner cares for Hellas, he is the keeper of its peace!" So Plutarch says, "It was a peace, if we may call it such, that brought with it more infamy (and more calamity too he might have said) than the most disastrous war"† These wailings of antiquity—how like a groan they sound, over something that is forever lost—such a groan as we may imagine to proceed from the graves of Gettysburg, when it is found that this sharp conflict has been all in vain—when Northern, Southern, and Western confederacies shall be ever forming, ever dissolving as soon as formed, yet each of them, in their brief season, having their begging envoys at the courts of Europe, and vying with each other in the degree of servility they can afford as the price of any petty advantage from foreign powers.

The Peace of Antalcidas failed, of course, like all the rest; but from that time the course of Greece was ever downward, with the bright and brief exception to which we have alluded. The heroism of Epaminondas could not avert the coming catastrophe; the eloquence of Demosthenes could not stay it. Foreign subjugation became inevitable; and we acquiesce in the verdict which is forced upon us, when convinced that no Macedonian or Roman despotism could ever exceed the horrors that, for more than a century, had formed the chief picture in Grecian history.

Greece failed, or rather, those noble spirits failed, who had been all along so ardently striving for a Grecian nationality. The failure there, was in ever becoming a nation. Shall we make the greater, the far more disastrous, and far more criminal failure, of suffering our nationality to be destroyed after eighty years of such strong and proud existence? The great loss, in its political estimate, surpasses our arithmetic. But, there is another aspect in which the dire calamity comes still nearer to us, and the pain of imagining it becomes still more pungent. Shall this effort fail? How, then, could we bear the thought of the precious sacrifice that has been already made to prevent so unspeakable a catastrophe? Success may soothe our mourning, though so hard to bear in any event. But O, the dead and

\* Isocrates, *Panegyrica*, page 184.

† Plutarch *Vitæ, Agesilaus*, 23.

gone, if we have no such hope to comfort us! A "nation drowned in tears!" The expression has been often used rhetorically in funeral orations, but here is no hyperbole. The language of the Prophet alone can picture it. "A great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddo, each family apart; the family of the house of David, the family of the house of Nathan, the family of the house of Levi; each family apart, and their wives apart." Each private sorrow but a minuter picture of the universal grief. In every neighborhood, in almost every family, some dead. All over our land, there are millions who are suffering the same sharp grief. The loss of these precious lives, viewed only in themselves, how beyond all estimate! But shall it all be in vain? That is the still more trying thought. Shall it be all in vain, either through the force of open rebellion, or the still viler treason of those who favor rebels in the North? Ah, there is the pang unutterable.

But we must not quail from looking even this issue in the face, not for discouragement, but to obtain a stimulus for greater and more heroic effort. Viewing it in even this, which seems its most painful aspect, we may ask ourselves, might there not have been something still worse than this? Yes, something still worse than this with all its harrowing features. We say it with a full and feeling conviction of the miseries of the past three years. Great would be the evil of secession triumphant, and terminating in national disintegration; greater still the evil of a false nationality, an artificial confederacy with the poison of secession still preserved and entering into its very bones and marrow. But there is one thing worse than all; it is that such disastrous change should have come with no effort to prevent it, no arm lifted to stay it, not a blow struck, not a life lost in defense of a nationality so glorious—or once thought so glorious—as ours. What an unutterably sad picture that would have been; how indescribably mournful the page in history—the United States disappearing from the map of nations—each one of us going our several ways,—occupied, if that could be in such a state of things, with our farms, our merchandise, or our books,—and the nation dying, dying undefended, unmourned, with no protest raised against an act so horrible, so unnatural, so utterly unlike any thing that had ever before taken place in the history of man! Sad as is the thought of Chancellorsville and Chickamauga, this would have been saddest of all. No war, however unsuccessful, could have compared with it for disaster, not only to the political hopes and political welfare, but to the highest moral interests of mankind. Who would believe in government, who would regard it as a divine institution, or as having any thing divine about it, if, with all its oaths and sanc-



tions, it could be so trampled under foot by one class of men, or so indifferently given up, or so easily postponed to the most contemptible wordly interests, by another? Yes—we say it with firmest conviction—far

Better to have fought and failed,  
Than never to have fought at all.

Such would be the unanimous decision of posterity looking at the truth from that distance which ever shows its unclouded face, and fair proportions. We are not afraid for our Christian name in thus writing. We are no advocates for war. We believe that every step consistent with right and the higher good of mankind should be ever taken to avoid it. But the reader will see that the question is not here concerning war for some point of national honor, and waged for that purpose against a foreign foe. It may well be doubted whether the Christian demand for peace should be ever violated for such a cause; but here is war for national defense, yea more, for national existence. It is a war for law, for order, for the obligation of solemn compacts, for the sanctity of oaths, for religion, for morality, for social quiet, for all that secures the transmission of healthy political institutions from age to age, for all that is venerable in history, for all “that is lovely, pure, peaceable, and of good report” among men, for all that truly makes government a “power ordained of God.”

A war for a cause like this cannot be wholly a failure, even though unsuccessful at the time. As a protest alone it would have an immense value for the future. It contains in it the seeds of good for ages to come. It carries with it the germ of some nation yet to be born again—after a century of anarchy, it may be—yet still preserving its slumbering vitality in the remembrance of such resistance.

Again shall spring visit those mouldering graves.

There shall come a resurrection morn. The heroic idea shall still live through this long winter night of death, until “the rain is over and gone, the flowers again appear in the land,” and the new nation germinates afresh from those mourned battlefields of what was once regarded as a failing and disastrous war.

It is not a failure even though it be but to carry down the stream of time, and embalm in history, the remembrance of the heroic. And here we draw again upon that storehouse of parallel incident, the Grecian oratory, and the Grecian history. We find the very case we have presented in that well known passage from the oration of Demosthenes on the Crown, still better known from what is said about it by the great critic Longinus. He cites it as a remarkable example of the sublime,

according to his own definition of it,\* as that which comes upon us like a thunderbolt, scattering every other thought, and making us gaze alone upon the vision contained in the glorious words. It occurs soon after another striking passage, in which this most loyal orator, who had so long labored to arouse a Panhellenic feeling against Philip, appeals to *all Greece* as witnesses of the noble efforts of his Attic countrymen—"What one of the Hellenians knoweth not, what one of the Barbarians knoweth not, that in the Theban wars, and in those former wars when the Lacedæmonians were strong, and in the still older wars with the Persian king, how willingly, and with many thanks besides, it would have been given to Athens to take what she pleased, and to hold what she pleased, if she had only allowed another, and a foreign power, to have the rule in Greece: but this to the Athens of those days could never seem patriotic, it was never her nature; it was never to be thought of, never to be endured." This, however, was only preparatory to that impassioned burst of loyal feeling which marks the close of that splendid oration, and for which the world has ever yielded to it the uncontested palm of eloquence. It should be borne in mind, that it was just after some of the most disastrous military defeats. That vile copperhead, Æschines, had been taunting him, and his party, with their failures, and the hopelessness of all their efforts to maintain the integrity of Greece. Chicago could not have been more insultingly triumphant, or more bitter. How glorious the reply! what a light it sheds amidst all the surrounding darkness! what a cheering beam it sends down to us in our own day of gloom, and after the lapse of more than two thousand years. "Like one suddenly inspired," says Longinus, "by the breadth of divinity,—like one, φοιβόγηπτος γενόμενος rapt with the spirit of prophecy, he spake aloud that oath-like appeal to the old heroes of Hellas, οὐκ ἔστιν, οὐν ἔστιν, ὅπως ἡμάρτετε, "No, my countrymen, no, men of Athens, ye have not failed. It cannot be, it cannot be, that ye have erred—*ou ma tous en Marathon!*—No, I swear by those who died in the battle front of Marathon, by those who formed the phalanx in Plataea, by those who conquered in the sea fight at Salamis, and at Artemisium.—by the many and brave who now lie in the public sepulchres,—to all of whom alike, O, Æschines, and whether they fell in the hour of victory or defeat, the state hath awarded a glorious burial. And justly too, for that which was the only work for brave men to do, that they *all* did—what the Deity allots to each, to that they *all* submitted." Those heroic deaths were not in vain, even though Greece were lost. The resistance would show that she died not without a struggle. Its great idea would lie embalmed in the

\* Longinus, *De Sublimitate*, I and XVI.

world's memory, giving fragrance to patriotism and to loyalty, through all time. It would stand as a protest against the wrong, a never dying appeal in favor of the right, all the more valuable from the precious blood by which it was confirmed, all the more prophetic of future success in some similar effort, where the cause of Grecian disaster should stand out as a warning beacon to republics in the remote latter days of the world.

The blood of the martyrs is not shed in vain. Such were the men of Marathon, such were the men of Gettysburg, even should there be a longer or a shorter eclipse of the American nationality. But such an event we must not anticipate. Our near approach to a known catastrophe is the best warning against it, and so may be the best means of escaping a similar fate. Paradox as it may seem, yet time, in its winding course, sometimes brings us strikingly near the remote past. In the late funeral services at Gettysburg, we seem to be living over again some of the most solemn scenes in Grecian history. In the oration of Mr. Everett on that occasion, we have something that may well compare with the choicest parts of Athenian oratory.\* But it is still very different with us from what it was with the Athenians, when Demosthenes uttered this sublime apostrophe to the dead. We have had no such crushing defeats, no such disasters as then seemed to take away all hope. We know that we are strong, if domestic treachery, with its lying names of conservatism, state rights and state sovereignty, do not undermine our strength. Our foreign foes, though mighty, are far away, and our inward traitors are every day lessening their power to harm, by revealing more and more of their turpitude.

Above all, we know that we are in the right, and though God may suffer the right, at times, to be overborne—though he may have great issues, and great probations, which we may not clearly understand, whereby one right is postponed to another, yet the history of the world cannot be all an unending experiment. "God hath not made all men in vain." There must be

\* Mr. Everett may well be called the American Isocrates. He has all the polish of that Grecian orator, whilst excelling him in cogent clearness of statement and reasoning. His funeral oration at Gettysburg, will ever be regarded as a most choice and classic production, ranking with that of Pericles on a similar memorable occasion, to which Mr. Everett so effectively alludes. But there was one sentence uttered in the presence of those graves that will become household words, ever coming up as oft as Gettysburg is mentioned. It was one of the unstudied sayings of Abraham Lincoln, in his brief introduction to the orator of the day. Their pathos and their power are enhanced by the unconscious greatness and simplicity of their utterance. "*The world will little heed, nor long remember what we SAY here, but it can never forget what they DID here.*" In the simple contrast lies the moral sublimity of the diction and the thought. Notwithstanding the speakers depreciation of his own language, so modest and unaffected, the *saying* will not be forgotten, for it is inseparably linked with the grandeur of the *deeds*.

something final and settled; there must be some experiments that terminate in success, though many seeming failures, in the world's long and painful history, may have been preparatory to it. We will hope on, that it will be so with this nationality of ours, so wonderfully born, so wonderfully preserved, so marked in all its historical growth by providential interpositions, and having such high evidence—equal to, may we not say, surpassing that of any other nation—that it was truly “a power ordained of God.”

It is because we believe it to be His work, that we think it will not die—at least a death so young and premature. Man did not make it; man, therefore has no right to unmake it, not even all the men of the nation combined. And here comes up a question to which we have briefly alluded before, and which the reader will pardon us for dwelling upon again. Horace Greeley is a most sagacious, and—however strange the assertion may seem to some—a most conservative politician. There is, however, a doctrine of his to which we can never subscribe, and which we regret his ever putting forth. In the beginning of our national contest, when we were all looking on with bewildering amazement, and “wondering whereto this thing would tend,” he seemed to maintain the right of peaceable separation, in a general convention called for that purpose, and by proceedings under constitutional forms. We cannot assent. The nation, acting in accordance with its organic law, can undergo almost any modification, or change of outward form, or inward state, short of an absolute self-negation; it can rightly do almost everything else than a voluntary act of self-destruction. We trace three stages of power, but nowhere do we find any right or ground for such proceeding. In the *first place*, there is no such power given in the present written constitution. It contains provisions for amendment, but none for dissolution. It excludes it; for amending implies the continuance of the constitution amended, and of the nation, or body politic, of which it is the constitution. In the *second place*, the men of the convention which formally enacted that constitution had no right to put in such a provision; for they were delegated there for no such purpose. They were sent to make a form of government for a nation, a constitution as full or as brief, as rigid or as flexible, as finished or as amendatory, as the national exigencies might seem to require; but they were not authorized to destroy the nation itself, or to make any provision for such destruction. Neither, in the *third place*, could the people who thus delegated them, by any majority, or by any unanimity even, have given them this power. It was not theirs to give. The men of that generation alone, however unanimous, were not the nation. They were only a part of the nation, or the then flowing form

of an unchanging, and an undying whole. Past generations had still an interest; future generations a still deeper interest. The dead of Bunker Hill and Saratoga have a protest here; this was not that for which they fought and died. The dead of Gettysburg look forth from their graves; they, too, have a voice in the question whether they shall be graves of glory or dishonor. The unborn are demanding their inheritance. The men of 1787 did not make the nation, and they had no right, as we have no right, to unmake it. It was not theirs; it is not ours, except to preserve and transmit, not to destroy or suffer to be destroyed. God made the nation; it cannot be said too often. He made it to live on, a representative of the spiritual and the timeless, amid the flowing generations. He ordained it as a power in the earth, and He alone has the right to destroy it when it ceases to fulfil the great end of its being. We received it as a trust; we *owe* it to God, and to the world, and to the unborn, that it should continue thus to live on. Any repudiation of this higher bond is of the same base nature with that lesser repudiation which has been practiced by the men who would now cancel our national existence. If it be called revolution, we can only briefly answer here, that that can never be an abstract or unconditional right. It is, as we are aware, a vexed question, but, to our mind, all its difficulties are at once settled by the simple thought that revolution never can be a *right*, except when, and where, it becomes a *duty*—a most solemn and imperative duty. Let the Davis rebellion be judged by this, and there is no need of any other argument.

God may destroy the nation; but God is placable; "there is forgiveness with him that he may be feared." We will "cover ourselves with sackcloth; it may be that he will turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not." Humbly we will confess our manifold sins, our foolish boasting, our vile party corruption, our excessive commercial worldliness, and last, though not least, our heaven-defying oppression of the poor and the weak, our harsh outlawing of those "little ones," whose lowly care God had made our high probation, and around whom we ought to have thrown the safeguard of law in proportion to their exposure and their weakness. National repentance may avert his wrath, even for that sin of sins, the impious and unchristian Dred Scott decision.

But what is the *political* crime of the North? Let men cry out fanaticism as much as they please; they can make no other record than this. According to our best intelligence, and our clearest conscience—in both of which attributes of humanity we claim, at least, an equality with our opponents either North or South—we voted in a Presidential election. We were prepared to abide its issue, if defeated, or its reversal in the constitutional way. This is our case—the whole of it. When the



sun went down on the first Tuesday in November, 1860, a new political issue arose over all the land. All preceding ones, such as banks, tariffs, annexations, etc., had been temporary, superficial, endurable if wrongly decided, or capable of easy remedy. This was a vital issue; the life of the nation was involved. All other issues were buried until this was decided, and so decided as never to come up again.

How often had we boastingly said to the world—look here—see this great people—how zealously we contend at the polls, what a sudden calm of order and conservatism immediately follows the verdict of the ballot-box. Shall that proud assertion ever be made again? This was the new issue of that eventful day. From morn till night had the little papers, emblems of our national trust in humanity, been falling, like snow flakes, thick and fast, over all the wide extent of our land. Even as they lay silent, and yet uncounted in the ballot-boxes, this issue of issues arose. It was as though during that solemn hour every man who had voted, had personally promised every other man—yea had sworn it with a solemn oath—that whatever that verdict should be, it should have its legitimate political effect, and its fair political trial, until in like manner solemnly reversed—so help him God. Thus virtually pledged himself—*by the very act of voting*—every man to every man, every candidate to every other candidate, every Republican to every Democrat, and every Democrat to every Republican. As we walked together to the polls, this was the spiritual word that day ascending—this was its sound to ears opened to the perception of spiritual things. The man of the losing party was more bound in *honor*, as well as in conscience, that this all superseding issue should be sacredly maintained. He was more bound in true *policy*, even as he would want the same security in some future issue of a similar kind.

Ballots or bullets. They who now affect to talk in deprecation of war, and in favor of the “peaceful ballot” as taking its place, are talking absurdly, if not treasonably. “Coercion is opposed to the genius of our institutions; democrats repudiate it; *our* remedy is the peaceful ballot box.” Such was the foolish gabble uttered by one on taking the chair of the late Democratic state convention of New York. The ballot box! it lies in ruins and trampled under foot. They who fight for it may, with some consistency, maintain its sacredness. They who give all the aid they can to its violators, and yet can prate of “the peaceful ballot,” have nothing but the excuse of utter stolidity to shield them from the consciousness of the most detestable hypocrisy.

For nearly four years now has this new and vital issue been on trial. How shall it be, not only decided, but decided in such a way as to leave no wound in the national integrity? There

can be but one answer. It must be done by putting the country, as near as possible, in the very condition demanded by the contemned and broken election of 1860. By that vote Abraham Lincoln should have been for four years the unresisted President of the *whole United States*, just as Mr. Pierce and Mr. Buchanan had been before him. Those years have nearly gone into the past, with all their bloody record of rebellion. He has not had his constitutional right. He has been violently kept out of all executive jurisdiction in all the southern portion of the United States, except where the national arms have carried the constitution with them. For the assertion of this jurisdiction, which he was solemnly sworn to maintain, he has had lavished upon him, and by men at the North, every vile epithet of infamy. In view of this, the remedy that shall fully restore this national integrity becomes self-evident. The election of a President, other than Mr. Lincoln, and in condemnation of him, although it might be, with more or less sincerity, on the avowed ground of rebel coercion, would be an exceedingly defective cure. Such a position of rebel coercion, even if it were sincere, could not be maintained in the face of the most essential concession it would involve to the revolting states; since the least compromise contains the whole essence of Secession. There is but one cure for this deadly stab that can be permanent and complete. There is but one proceeding that can send the nation down to posterity staunch and sound—scarred indeed, exhausted and weary, but in all the integrity of its constitutional or organic health. It is the re-election of Abraham Lincoln to the post he has not been permitted to occupy. Not for his sake, but for all that is most vital and sacred to the nation, is it right—*Deo volente*—that he should be four years unresisted President of these United States.

There are other reasons good and substantial. One of the candidates now before us, is recommended on the score of his Christianity, of which, however, we know nothing more than the asserted fact of profession, whilst we do know that he stands on a double platform,—a position, to say the least, not favorable to moral integrity. The other is only a plain, honest man, with nothing else to present to the hero-maker than that homely, unpretending virtue, whose very ordinary excellence consists, mainly, in the observance of an oath, and the earnest effort to fulfill a trust. In his moral poverty he has but one platform, and that is, to preserve the nation at the cost of whatever may stand in its way. The first is lauded as a statesman. So his friends proclaim him, though his statesmanship has no more evidence than his piety. The other has passed through the most trying ordeal that ever tested the strength of man; but there he stands, yet holding firm the helm, with the vessel still steady in the storm, still heading to its port, though often seeming about to

founder in the fiercest tempest by which ship was ever yet assailed. The pilot who preceded him had abandoned the helm, and given up all as lost; the crew had mutinied; the vessel was basely deserted by the greater part of the officers then in places of trust, and who are now the very men most clamorous in demanding another Captain—the very men who say that they alone can be intrusted with the vessel's safety. Treason was every where. With God's help the ship is righted, though not yet wholly past the rocks. Shall the old mutinous and treacherous crew be restored to power? Shall any man be trusted, whatever claims he may have personally, who is known to be *their* choice, and who cannot succeed without their help?

To drop all metaphor, and treat the subject in the most practical manner, we must look at the position men occupy; we must study their affinities. It is our surest, as well as our easiest way. Of abstract policy, of genuine integrity, of pure Christianity, of exalted statesmanship, it is not easy judging. It is well for us that we have other tests, more prompt in their applications, whilst perfectly reliable in their decisions. We may here draw again upon that full storehouse of antiquity. When men were raised to office in Athens whose success was hailed in Lacedæmon, the downfall of Athens was near; when men acquired power in the states of Greece whose elevation gave joy at the court of Philip, Greece was already past hope. Is any one at a loss how he shall vote in such a contest as this, let him be guided by the instincts of the enemy. They will not deceive him. The law of contraries gives, sometimes, the surest index to our bewildered reasoning. It says, take not that road. To act upon such grounds is practical wisdom, because error reveals itself more readily than truth: evil is more apparent than good. The affinities of the false and the bad are thus a surer guide, sometimes, than the best arguments of an abstract kind that can be employed on the side of truth. They have all the certainty of chemical tests. Like comes to like—or, at least, alike in liking each other—even as mercury combines with tin, or chlorine runs to the embraces of hydrogen. The vile have an almost infallible way of *knowing their man*, however seemingly opposite to themselves the character he may assume. Nothing is more keen than the instinct of malevolence, nothing more unerring than the unconscious logic of evil when exercised in the choice of its agents, however stupid and blind it may be in respect to the real nature of the ends it would seek to attain.

Here, then, is a field for the application of these tests so furnished to us by the common sense. There is no chance to be mistaken; a few simple questions settle the whole matter. Which candidate is sure to receive the vote of every warmest sympathizer with rebellion in our land? On whose side will be

found the men who rejoice—and their name is legion—at defeats received by our armies? For whose success will *they* feel deepest interest who have no tears for our gallant dead, and who stigmatize the war in which they fell as fanatical, false and inglorious? Where is all that is heroic, thrilling, soul-elevating in this giant contest, and on which side is there a total absence of even the semblance of any such qualities? Whose Christianity and statesmanship can most surely count upon the heaviest majorities in the vilest dens of vice to be found in our cities? Who will receive the most votes from the drinking cellar, the brothels, the gambling saloon? Whose conservatism will find most favor with such conservative characters as filibusters, and rioters, and negro burners? Which side confidently expects to get the most votes in those regions of our land where the densest ignorance most abounds? Which has most to say of “fanatical priests” intermeddling in politics? Whose election will give joy in Richmond? Whose triumph will cause mourning to every liberty-loving republican of Europe, whilst it sends a thrill of joy—more vivid than that which Macedonia felt at the fall of Demosthenes—to the soul of every liberty-hating partisan of monarchy? Patriot, as you style yourself—Christians, of every name—if these questions can be answered in but one way—and you most surely know what *that* is—how dare you vote on a side which will bring you in association with every one of the characters here described?

Never was issue more clearly joined. It is not so much the candidates as the influences that support them, and which will be made controlling by the election of the one or the other. Whatever be the integrity or intelligence of General McClellan himself; whatever be the intelligence or integrity of some who intend to vote for him, there can be no doubt of the predominant interests that are arrayed in his support, and which will demand recognition in case of his success. All that is most hostile to our true nationality is there. All the most extreme advocates of the mischievous doctrine of state sovereignty are there. Every one among us who is a member of a secret society in aid of southern treason is there. Every man who, whilst ringing the false charges of sectionalism against the North, is engaged in the vile work—at this fearful day the ineffably vile work—of exciting a new sectional hatred between the East and the West—every such man is there. All who are distinguished for the most demoniac feeling toward a crushed and outlawed race, are there. They are all there. Christian and patriot, we say again, can you vote with them? It would seem as though there were but one fitting style of speech that could be used at the bare thought of such association. It is the language of the Patriarch—“O my Soul come not thou into their secret, unto their conventions, O mine Honor, be not thou united.”











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